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The Kaimin, February 1903

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THE KAIMIN

THE KAIMIN

Published Monthly during the University Year by the
Students of the University of Montana.

Single copies 15 cents

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MISSOULA, MONTANA, FEBRUARY, 1903.

Editorials

We will be more or less on the anxious seat until we learn how we are going to fare at the hands of the legislature. They can be liberal with us, and provide sufficient funds to pay the necessary running expenses for the next two years according to the present arrangement, or they can cut us off with only sufficient appropriation to meet absolute requirements. Heretofore, each succeeding year the legislature has granted an increase in appropriation over the former ones. We have confidence this session will not disappoint us, but manifest the same spirit of liberality as in former years.

Another matter that created much interest in university circles and deserves more than passing notice was the bill before the legislature providing that all graduates who have taken one year's work in psychology and methods shall be allowed to teach in the public schools of the state without further examination, and after having taught one year, shall be entitled to a life diploma from the state. It seems that the legislature did not take kindly to this bill, for it was no sooner introduced in the senate than a motion was made to postpone it indefinitely, which was carried after prolonged debate. So that the hoped for privilege will not be extended, but university graduates will be required to stand examination the same as others before being permitted to teach, unless the legislature sees fit to reconsider the matter, which is extremely doubtful.

Such a measure as above indicated would receive the hearty indorsement of all graduates who have in view the teaching profession. It is no more than fair that

they should have an advantage over those who have not taken a university degree. If after completing a seven years' course above the common schools, he is placed on the same footing with those who lack this training there is not so much incentive for the student to spend this much time. Of course the graduate can pass all the examinations required to admit him to teach any where in the state, but the granting of a certificate without examination and the life diploma at the expiration of one year's teaching is an honor which he deserves by right, and should be conferred.

Before our next issue the two literary societies will have given their annual entertainments. These are two of the most important events of the year, and should be so considered not only by those who have them in charge, and on the program, but by every student. Each succeeding year the entertainments should be of a higher order. As the university grows older, the ability to render better entertainments will be developed.

We look forward with much pleasant anticipation to two very delightful programs. In the past there has been some rivalry between the two societies to see which could get up the better entertainment. This is not out of place. A healthy spirit of rivalry to excel in such matters is to be encouraged. The result is that both will put forth their best efforts, and out do their previous best endeavors. While some will be of the opinion that the young ladies put up the best entertainment, others will be equally as positive that the young gentlemen acquitted themselves more creditably. Our prediction is that each will deserve much praise and credit for the high class article furnished.

A MATTER OF REGRET.

We notice in the columns of the "Exponent" that the Agricultural College is much displeased with the writeup of the Thanksgiving game which was given by the Kaimin.

Under the circumstances we think the article was of sufficient length. To have written the game in detail would have required an expert on Flahertyism; to recognize the man and record every punt, pass, play, run, tackle and touchdown made by Bill, George, Charley etc., was simply beyond the writing speed of our reporter.

We were fairly beaten by a team which was superior in weight, age and experience and took our defeat gracefully. We entertained our guests to the best of our ability and nothing but words of praise were given regarding the character and gentlemanly conduct of our visitors. As a whole, we think the game received sufficient mention by the Kaimin.

The "Exponent" is becoming very sensitive regarding the name of their college. In a recent issue of the "Kaimin" we referred to our "State Agricultural College" as being the Bozeman College. We are sorry to have offended our worthy school in this manner for it was simply an oversight on the part of one of our editors. On several occasions our University has been referred to by various names, the most recent instance was when our second football team went to Helena; here we were advertised on placards and posters as being the "Missoula College Second team." Knowing this to be an oversight, we took no notice whatever of the matter. It appears to us that the "State Agricultural College" is not very consistent regarding their name, at least amongst her football heroes who have insisted for years past in wearing the "M" upon their jackets which belongs exclusively to the "Montana State University."

We celebrate this month the birthday of two famous American statesmen, Washington, the father of his country, and Lincoln, the emancipator. The natal day of Washington has been fixed in the mind of every school boy for the reason that it has been a national holiday and celebrated with more or less enthusiasm in various parts of the country.

Had Lincoln lived, he would have been 94 years old on the 12 of this month. It has been suggested and the idea is a good one that we set apart as a holiday the anniversary of his birth. In most of the public schools of the land Lincoln's birthday is celebrated by special exercises appropriate to the occasion. This tends to develop patriotism and fix in the minds of the youth the birthday of this great American.

Many important events in university affairs are scheduled for this month. Not the least among them will be the dedication exercises of the gymnasium and ladies dormitory which will occur about the 20th instant. This is an event that will attract attention all over the state. Many leading educational people will be present besides some state officers.

This will mark an epoch in the history of the university. It will be a red letter day. We are making progress rapidly. It is only the short space of four years since the main building and science hall were dedicated and turned over to the proper authorities. Soon we will have a full corps of buildings, and be equipped as well as any other educational institution in the west. Gradually, year by year, new features are added and improvements made which add to the completeness of our school.

A number of important events happened just before the last issue came out, but too close to the date of going to press to make it possible to have them appear then. We dislike to delay printing beyond the middle of the month, and this would often be necessary if we attempted to publish items of news that occurred a day or two before the 15. It is necessary to have all of the material in the hands of the printer a day or two before publication in order to give them time to set it up and get out the issue on time. On this account, sometimes, we are not

able to publish items until a later issue which should have appeared in a former issue.

It is a fact which we regret to state, yet nevertheless true, that not one single literary production has been contributed thus far this year by a young man student of the university until this issue, an article appears from the pen of Mr. Hargraves. Come, gentlemen, we solicit your assistance in this matter. You can aid us greatly by just a little effort. We would appreciate highly one or two articles each month from some of your number. Kindly bear this in mind.

Our sympathies are with the basketball girls in their defeat in the Fort Shaw game. We would much rather chronicle a glorious victory over your opponents. But you should not be discouraged. This is your first defeat in the history of the club, and you can not hope to be victorious in every instance. You have made a better record for yourselves than the football team, and you should take some comfort in this.

A long felt want has been supplied in the organization of the Young Men's University Glee Club. Under the able leadership of Professor Owen, it will not be many months before the college halls will ring with melodies and much added pleasure and enjoyment will result.

Literary Department

PELORUS JACK.

(By Leonard Northcroft, Head of the Land Department of the Transvaal, Johannesburg.)

[During the recent voyage around the world made by Rev. C. H. Linley, rector of the Episcopal church at Missoula, he was always thinking what he could bring home to the University and to the students. While chatting with Mr. Northcroft the story of the pilot fish was related to him. Mr. Linley was deeply interested in the story, and thinking the Kaimin readers would also enjoy the story, asked that it be written out for this publication, which was immediately done, while enroute on the vessel. The following description is given just as it was written by Mr. Northcroft.—The Editor.]

The Northern coast of the South Island of New Zealand is deeply indented with bays, inlets and sounds, and contains several splendid harbors. It is open to the waters of Cook's strait, which separates the two principal islands of this colony. The strait is about 100 miles wide to the west, and from thence, going in a south-easterly direction, the coasts of the two islands gradually approach each other, until, at the eastern limit, the distance separating them has been reduced to a few miles. There are many settlements on the coast to which I have referred, the principal

one being Nelson, situated in Nelson Haven at the head of Blind Bay. This town has a population of about 8000 souls, whilst the total number of people living in the various districts abutting on this coast is somewhere near 40,000. Nelson is the seat of an Anglican Bishop, and is one of the oldest settlements in New Zealand. Every sound, inlet and harbor has settlers residing along its shores, the principal townships being Picton, situated at the head of Queen Charlotte's sound, Havelock, situated at the head of the Pelorus sound, and Motucka, which is built at the mouth of a river of the same name running into Blind Bay, to the northwest of Nelson. The whole of these indentations are sheltered from the southerly winds and consequently the climate is delightfully mild. Fruit is very plentiful, the frosts are slight and infrequent, and grass grows all the year round. It generally enjoys a bright blue sky, whilst the hills and mountains, which frequently descend to the water's edge, present a series of magnificent scenes which have delighted the heart of many an artist. The waters being so well sheltered, yachting is a favorite recreation and nearly all the settlers in the little inlets possess boats of various description, much of their traveling and visiting being done by water.

These southern shores of Cook's straits were frequently resorted to by explorers, and after them, by the early whalers. It was in the seventeenth century that Abel Jansen Tasman, the first white discoverer of New Zealand, after sailing up the west coast of the island, anchored in Maatare Bay. He intended landing there, and refitting, but a hostile demonstration on the part of the Maoris, resulting in a conflict and in subsequent loss of life, impelled him to abandon the effort, and after cruising in Cook strait for some time he finally rounded Cape Egmoat—the westernmost point of the North Island—and finally sailed away to Australia, not realizing that instead of coasting a large continent, as he supposed, he had been sailing along the western coasts of two islands.

The discovery of Cook straits was made by the celebrated English navigator, Capt. James Cook, more than a century afterwards. Capt. Cook surveyed the coasts and named most of the principal headlands and bays. French explorers were also in the field, D'Urville, Entucasteaux and others, and these assisted to make known to the world much interesting matter concerning a country of which so little was then known.

I specially mention one of the French explorers because his name has been given to an island D'Urville's Island—which has an intimate acquaintance with the object of this sketch. Between D'Urville's Island and the main land is a narrow strait, a few yards wide, and known as the French Pass. In the early days the entrances to the Pass were supposed to be land locked inlets and it was owing to an accident that the connection between these inlets was discovered. The story goes that a French vessel was anchored in what seemed a safe little bight on the eastern side of the Pass, and, growing careless in their assured safety, were not so particular about their anchorage as they might have been. During the night they became aware that a strong current was taking the vessel along, but in what direction they could not say. The vessel grounded before daylight, and when the dawn appear-

ed she was on the western side of the Pass, hard and fast, although uninjured.

Their experience was of value to all navigators using that coast and as steam vessels became more generally employed the Pass was used by all steamers going from Wellington—the political capitol of the colony—to Picton and Nelson. It was when going from Nelson to Wellington that I made my first acquaintance with Pelorus Jack. It was on a beautifully bright, sunny day. After leaving Nelson Haven, the vessel steamed along the coast, affording us a varied panorama as inlet and cove succeeded each other, whilst behind us, to the west, were the massive white pinnacles of the Southern Alps. Before us the flashing water harmonized with the deep blue vault of the heavens and the delicately tinted groves, mingling with white foam churned by the prow and the screw of the vessel, filled the heart and soul with their exquisite beauty.

And gradually, as we continued our course the bold outlines of D'Urville's Island stood out from the soft blue haze with which they had been suffused and then we pointed for land, or what seemed such, for no eye could trace anything which appeared like a channel amongst the bold precipitous hills which confronted us. And still we sailed on, until we were in the bosom of the hills, a little water appearing in front and behind us and a still smaller space on each side. And now it seemed as if madness had seized upon the captain and officers of the ship, for she was headed towards a very narrow inlet, which bore no signs of habitation and which ended in some low cliffs. In another minute or two we were in the narrow space, and as we steamed along without altering our speed, there seemed little more than enough room for the vessel to move—it is certain she could not have turned around. The water now washing on the rocks and beaches on both sides, and our motion as we rapidly passed along, brought a large wave, and a succession of smaller ones spread over everything they encountered.

Another two or three minutes and the waters opened out and we were through the Pass. And now was the time to look out for Pelorus Jack. Some of us crowded to the fore-castle, others placed themselves at different points of advantage for the first sight. Nor was it long in coming. Having passed through to some men in a whaleboat, a package of mails for Ainslies' Bay and the interest on watching the receding boat having ceased, some one shouted: "There he goes." In an instant an enormous fish was observed to plunge under the prow of the steamer and then come out on the quarter. He disappeared and again showed himself in his first position.

Time after time was his gambolling continued. It is said that he likes to rub himself against the bow of the vessel, but it seemed to us as if he was disporting himself as does a school of porpoises, with this difference, that porpoises plunge in front of the ship from behind, whilst Pelorus Jack does it from the front as if he were going to butt it, as a sheep or a goat would. This gambolling was continued until we reached the head of the Pelorus sound, when he disappeared.

In appearance Pelorus Jack resembles a small whale and is dirty white in colour. He is not a whale, nor does he resemble any fish known in the South Pacific; in fact, it is difficult to identify him with any known species. He

patrols the space of water between the head of the Pelorus Sound and the French Pass and generally accompanies vessels as they proceed along his patrolling ground. Usually he waits for them near the Pass but sometimes is in attendance at the sound. He is never seen beyond these points. He has been patrolling these waters for the last 8 or 10 years and by common consent is closely protected. To chase or interfere with Pelorus Jack would be a crime against the country and would be universally condemned. Although generally seen from passing steamers, many persons have to deplore the fact that they have invariably missed him. Supplies of food are thrown to him from the vessels but whether he avails himself of them is not known. Only one photograph of him has been secured, Colonel Pitt, U. S. C. of Nelson, having been fortunate enough to secure an excellent snap shot.

As may be supposed, great interest is taken in this visitor of the sounds, who, however, is well able to preserve the mystery connected with his being. Where did he come from? Why does he stay in this one particular place? Why does he always follow passing steamers? are questions people vainly ask of each other. In the meantime he has become an institution. Although no act of Parliament has provided for his safety, he is as secure as if hedged in by all the safe guards of the law, and will so continue until in the due course of nature he ceases to have being or until he returns to the place from whence he came, or till he seeks other waters. In the meantime he has provided amusement and interest for thousands.

BASKETBALL AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

The American nation is a lover of athletic sports. Nowhere does a well played game, either indoors or out of doors, receive more genuine appreciation than in America. And though the cry has been raised that we, as a people, prefer those games in which brute force predominates, yet a fair review of the situation will prove this to be false. While it is true that we love the things of the strenuous life, the nip and tug, the give and take, and the triumph of superb muscle and brawn, yet in the sports of almost no other nation has this physical strength been brought so completely under control, nor has science been so carefully blended with animal force, as in our own country.

We have but to cite the records of our victories during the last few years in such games as hockey, tennis, baseball, lacrosse, football, etc., to have ample proof of this statement.

These facts, then, account in part for the remarkable manner in which the game of basketball has met with such general and favorable acceptance at the hands of the American people; for it is a game in which science and muscular effort are blended almost to perfection.

Until 1892, basketball was an unknown thing. In January of that year, however, Dr. James Naismith, of Springfield Mass., presented the game to the public; the first contest being played by the Y. M. C. A. Training School of that place for whom particularly the game was invented. Soon basketball was "the rage." Inter-association contests were held, state leagues were formed, colleges and High schools, put teams into the field, and finally inter-state and national leagues were formed, so that today

almost every Y. M. C. A. and educational institution of any importance in the country has its basketball team; and just as baseball is the national outdoor game of America, so basketball is the national indoor game.

It is a game which possesses many peculiar advantages, some few of which it is the object of this article to portray. Let us notice them from three main standpoints.

First, physically. Basketball is, beyond a doubt, one of the finest things ever invented for exercise, because every muscle and nerve in the body is brought into active use; there is in it the joy of relaxation and forgetfulness of self; and the breathing being faster and deeper, the blood is sent leaping through every vein, giving to the player an indescribable feeling of exhilaration and health.

Just here, however, a word of caution may be added. While basketball is a game intended alike for men and women, yet the latter are not so strongly built as are the former, and the vigorous exercise of the game pumps the blood into the heart so fast that a great strain is placed upon the muscles surrounding that organ; from which it will be seen that unless a woman is in good physical condition, there is danger of bringing on heart trouble and permanent injury; hence no woman ought to play basketball without first having been put through a thorough course of physical culture and training. If, however, this course of training be taken, the muscles are strengthened, the danger disappears, and the exercise is beneficial in the highest degree.

Another advantage of the game is the training which it affords the mental faculties; for it demands great alertness, quickness of thought, and decision. For instance, a player secures the ball. The moment he does so, five opponents are right after him, snatching, batting, jumping and endeavoring to take the ball from him, while his own comrades are signalling and manœuvring to get into position where they may receive the ball. That man has to size up the situation, think where he can place the ball to best advantage, how he can get it there, perhaps revolving half a dozen different plays in his mind, make his decision, and send the ball where he wishes it; all this has to be done in the space of one short exciting moment. No one else can do that thinking and deciding for him; he has to do it for himself; and, since he finds himself in this position dozens of times during a game, the splendid mental training is at once apparent.

A third important advantage of basketball is its influence upon the character of the player. It develops self-control to an extent which few other games do. For example, a man may be guarding a forward; down toward the other end of the field a "scrimmage" is going on; men are jumping, reaching, batting, grabbing, for the ball; that guard thinks that by leaving the forward whom he is guarding he can secure the ball, though his better judgment tells him to stay by his man; if he has not sufficient self control, he will rush wildly forward, and probably, just as he gets almost to the place of the "scrimmage," an opponent will secure the ball, pass it swiftly back to the unguarded man, who will have ample time to score by tossing it into the basket. Many a game has been lost through this lack of judgment and self control on the part of a too hasty guard.

Or, take another instance: A forward has the ball.

About him are his opponents, endeavoring to get it from him; by turning, twisting and manœuvring, he endeavors to get a chance to throw for the goal; suddenly he sees one of his own men just outside the struggling circle, away from interference, unguarded. His natural impulse is to retain the ball himself and make a wild try for the goal, blindly hoping that the ball may land, by chance, in the basket, thus obtaining for himself, the glory; but that man must have self so thoroughly under control that that selfish desire for applause will be entirely submerged, and he will naturally pass the ball to the man, who, being unguarded, stands a much better chance of making a goal for his side. And unless a man does thus have himself under control, and play for the benefit of the team, absolutely without regard for self, he will never make a good player; and a wise coach will put him off the team, however well adapted to the game he might otherwise be.

Beyond these few points mentioned, lies the problem, soluble to a great extent, only by each player himself, of the intricacies of guarding, forwarding, center play, teamwork, avoidance of fouls, etc., which it is not the province of this article to discuss; but all of which go to make this new national game one of the most fascinating, healthful and strengthening to both muscle and brain, as well as one of the most intensely interesting games which human ingenuity has ever invented.

A fourth quality, of no small importance, which basketball, together with other athletic games, brings forth, may well be mentioned here. The development of mental poise and equilibrium, alike in the black hour of defeat, or amid the exuberant joy of victory.

It is a splendid sight to see a team which has won the victory, through skillful playing and hard work, repress, for the time, all evidence of the inevitable feeling of wild exultation and delight which thrills the entire being to the very finger tips, lest by their actions they should hurt the feelings or deepen the burden of defeat in the hearts of their less fortunate opponents. Such an exhibition of courtesy and kindly consideration for the feelings of others as this, and at such a time as this, is indeed grand. But an even grander sight, is to see the team which has been defeated, gracefully accept that defeat, bravely swallowing that terrible lump which will rise in the throat, and covering all the gloom of defeat with a cheerful smile, in striking contrast with the heart which aches within. Even though they know that they played well and threw their every nerve and effort into the game, nevertheless they have lost the victory which their beloved Alma Mater trusted them to win. At such a time as this, when the heart is heavy and the defeat is hard to bear, it takes lots of "clear grit" and moral heroism to smile cheerfully and bravely accept defeat with good grace. And the men or women who receive such training in college as will enable them to acquit themselves well in such times as these, will certainly not, in after life, give up hope and sink in helpless despair at the first baffled effort, nor get the obnoxious "swellhead" with the first flattering success.

—C. P. H.

In all the universities of France, there are no papers, no fraternities, no athletics and no commencement exercises.—Ex.

THE UNSUSCEPTIBLE BACHELOR.

If fate bade me pick for his opulent store

Three comforts, and gave me the choice of no more,

A trio of blessings, forsooth,

A boom to gray hairs and a solace to youth;

I'd choose with a bachelor's wisdom, that's ripe,

A crackling wood fire, a book and a pipe.

I would pose an exemplar of comforts' true type

With a crackling wood fire, a book and a pipe.

And to the duce with "wine, women and song," sang Ferrol Dempster, as bedecked in a long, wide sleeved jacket and a pair of russet slippers, he rolled into a huge leather chair before the open grate, where merrily burned a "crackling wood fire." Upon a table to his left were a reading lamp, an ash-tray, matches and the "book and pipe," of his song. Hence it is to be inferred that this man was about to experience the profoundest comfort, according to his ideal.

Just as the Briar-root pipe began to "draw" properly, and Dempster was looking for his place in the book, which he had marked with a pinch of ashes, a loud, distinctly masculine knock sounded at his door, and impatiently slamming the book on the table he shouted: "Come in you marauder of man's dearest moments."

Almost before the morose invitation was uttered, there entered a slight, well dressed young fellow, who made a profound mock courtesy to Dempster's back; that gentleman considered it unnecessary to rise in greeting, in fact, did not turn his head toward the new-comer, but asked in a monotone:

"Of whose company have I the honor and dis-pleasure?"

"That of Jack Dangerfield, Esquire, whose name and disinheritance are the extent of his worldly possessions, and whose affluent ideas cause him to be considerably cramped, occasionally for ways and means."

This speech delivered, Dangerfield pulled forward a large arm chair, and sitting himself therein assumed a dejected attitude and the countenance of abject despair. Ferrol Dempster straightened himself up and allowed a glint of interest to creep into his tone as he asked: "What's up now, my son?"

"Don't 'my son' me! Can't you see that one father has been the ruination of me, and with you as the second, Lord only knows where I would end."

"Well, well, quit ranting, and tell me what has set you off this time," said Dempster, "and have a pipe."

"Never smoke 'em," replied Dangerfield, "but if you have a cigar I'll take it—provided its not a two-f'r."

"Of course not; here's a General Arthur that old law shark Adams gave me today, which you may have, since I don't want it, and you have such confounded scruples about the uncleanness of a pipe. Got a match? Darn it! What did you come for? But tell your troubles."

"Hang you, Dempster, why do you encourage a fellow to tell you things, and still pretend you don't want to hear them? I'm all out of patience with you and everyone else," and young Dangerfield gave an adjacent chair a kick which verified his exclamation.

Ferrol Dempster had a very provoking way of looking at one, and smiling in a pleasant, innocent manner which

outspeaks volumes. Having adjusted this expression, he said blandly:

"Pity you haven't the money to hire yourself cremated, Mr. Dangerfield, your life is so insufferably unhappy."

"Well it's no joking matter. I say when a fellow's got no money and no prospects, and to boot is in love with a—"

"Ah! in love! I thought so, you young scapegrace, I thought so when you entered the room. Who is the unfor—er, lucky girl?"

"None of your business. What do you know about love?"

"Nothing, thank Jove. In my forty years of single blessedness I have learned there is nothing gives so much trouble as a susceptible heart, unless it be two susceptible hearts, and in consequence I have discarded my susceptibility."

"I believe that," said Dangerfield, "but I have not, having had but 23 years of experience, pro and con, along such lines."

Dempster almost snickered as he said: "Twenty-three, a mere kid and you actually believe yourself in love?"

"Think! I know it," protested Dangerfield. "Why man, I'd give all I possess—"

"And you just said that was nihil," interrupted the older man.

"Well, then, all I should possess had I a less obstinate pater, to be able to marry that woman."

"Why don't you? Isn't she willing?"

"Oh, yes, she is willing enough, but I won't marry her until I have something, especially when she has everything."

"Oh, the Devil! That all? If I were you, I'd marry her—marry tomorrow, that is, provided I had no more sense than to want to marry."

"By Jove! You would?" and Dangerfield fairly leaped from his chair. "Dempster, if you really think that—now I'm in earnest understand—if that's your opinion, we'll be married inside the week. I've just needed a word of encouragement all the time to make me take that step, and your word will do it, Dempster."

Then it is done, my young friend," laughed Dempster. "And for Heaven sake clear out now, and let me finish this book. Darn you, anyway."

And while the young man was trying to deliver himself of a few congratulatory remarks Ferrol Dempster, the confirmed bachelor, was finding the place in his book, and with a "good bye, bad luck to you, and shut that door," he was, to all appearances deep in the plot of his story. Perhaps he was reading aloud to himself when he said, a few minutes after his youthful and enthusiastic visitor had left:

"I wonder if that boy really means business; but of course he doesn't, he's always having some case or other, and he'll be telling me another story of 'lasting love' tomorrow probably. Lord! What fools we mortals are!" the sentence finished with a hearty yawn, and Dempster returned to silent reading again.

* * *

At six o'clock on the following day Dangerfield and Dempster ran upon each other, the latter gentleman hav-

ing closed his office a few moments previous. Dangerfield wore a long rain coat, a Fedora hat, and a broad grin, the three of which were equally becoming and pleasant to look upon. He greeted his friend cordially, and invited him to dine.

"At a club? Well yes, for once, and for you I'll do it, though you haven't an idea how I hate clubs and club dinners."

"Oh, I don't know, it isn't so bad when you have a congenial spirit, do you think? To me, club life is next to home life, provided the home's your own—and hers."

"All Tommy rot! Sentiment! You're a young fool, Jack."

"Thanks, your very candid, I should say."

The block which intervened between them and Dangerfield's club was walked in silence. When they reached the entrance and were removing their overcoats, Dangerfield said in a tone and manner which he intended to be commonplace:

"You know I was married this morning at 10, and things have been rushed through since then that I have had no time to eat until now."

Dempster who had removed hat, gloves, overcoat and one rubber, suddenly reversed matters, and stamped one foot into the rubber, at the same time climbing into his coat, emitting grunts of evident disgust.

"What in the world, Dempster? Get a wireless telegraph or what?"

No, worse," grunted the older man. "I have found out that you are a d— fool."

"Knew that all the time. I simply took your advice and got married just as quick as we could fix things up. Don't run off yet, I've got to tell you about it."

Dempster leaned resignedly against the hatrack, and said, "Well fire away, you idiot, but be as brief as possible."

"You-see, she is going away tomorrow, and last night I resolved to marry her before she left this town. This morning I let her know of my intention, and she, like the angel she is, readily consented to be privately married by the justice this morning. Of course no one but you knows of it, and she will not assume my name just now as all kinds of complications might come up."

Having passed severe and vociferous comment upon his young friend's action, Dempster, who stolidly refused now to remain and dine at the club took his leave. As he walked briskly down the street he said to himself:

"A crackling wood fire, a book and a pipe—a boon to bachelorhood indeed."

* * *

Mr. Dempster, you are all run down, and the best thing for you is to run loose in a green field for at least two weeks."

This is what the doctor had told Dempster during the early part of July, and prompt action was taken upon the advice, so that within a week, he found himself lazily lolling beneath a huge tree gazing innocently at the blue sky, quite forgetful of the book which lay, face downward, upon the grass.

"I wonder," he was saying, "where I've seen her before. Fox—Miss Fox—I can't remember, yet she looks so familiar. And to think that a crusty, musty old fellow like

me should actually be so taken by so mere a child, and in less than a week. By Jove! I surprise myself. This heart, which I had thought to be utterly unsusceptible, bowed before a girl of not more than twenty. But I love her, and there's the end of the thing. I'll have her, too, by Jove! I will!"

That night in the long, brilliantly lighted dining room, Dempster, who sat next to Miss Fox—the artless maiden who had so captivated his affections—but who, on account of his natural timidity, had as yet a very limited acquaintance with her, summoned the bravery to address her.

"Miss Fox," he said, "I hope you will not deem it presumptuous in me, but I feel sure that I have seen you somewhere before I met you here. Were you ever in C—?"

The young woman, looking keenly at him a moment, replied that C— was her home.

"Indeed! then we may have mutual acquaintances. I have a very dear friend there—a younger man than I, whom you have no doubt met in the social circles. His name, Dangerfield—Jack Dangerfield."

Again she shot a quick puzzled glance at Dempster, who was innocently unconscious of it. They were rising from the table, and she managed to draw him a little aside as she said quickly:

"Mr. Dempster, are you fooling; or is there need of this blind? Does someone else here know—it?"

"Er—I hardly understand you madam—I—er—"

What!" she exclaimed, falling back a step, and gazing bewildered at him, "don't you know me Mr. Dempster? I knew you all along. Don't you know that I am Jack Dangerfield's wife?"

Late that night as Dempster, returning from a long walk, was preparing for bed, he paused while pulling off a pair of russet slippers, and, smiling a strained grim smile, sang softly and jerkily to himself:

"I'd choose with a bachelor's wisdom that's ripe,
A crackling wood fire, a book and a pipe."

—FLORENCE A. WOOD.

"THANATOPSIS."

"'Tis my delight in summer shade
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts."

This was the poet Wordsworth's maxim, and one is reminded of it by "Thanatopsis." It is in all of Bryant's poems—this "simple song to thinking hearts." It would seem that "when he donned his singing robes and retired from the clash and din of the world he went up into a mountain and sat and angels ministered unto him; everything around him seemed eloquent of hope and cheer, of faith and love."

He is essentially an ethical poet whose inspirations came from above—who drew his lessons from a divine source but there is only a small class who readily appreciate the most enduring qualities of his verse. "Every one that is of the truth heareth his voice."

Bryant once told an aspiring young man: "The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming." Bryant's nature was of this sort. His was such a mind as Emerson speaks of—one "grandly simple." He had no patience with writers who hide their thoughts

under verbiage and rhetoric; he had a message to deliver to the world and the language in which he tells it is simple his meaning is plain. "The soul that ascends to worship the Great God is plain and true; has no rose-color, no fine friends, no chivalry, no adventures, does not want admiration; dwells in the hour that now is, in the earnest experience of the common day, by reason of the present moment and the mere trifles having become porous to thought, and bibulous of the sea of light." He once told a friend that when he wrote he was conscious of the action of an outside intelligence—that when he was searching for the right expression, it seemed to suddenly dart into his heart like a ray of light. His verses show this inspiration; they are easy, smooth and musical, with the rhythm of nature in them.

"Thanatopsis" is in the same category with Tennyson's "Im Memoriam," tho' the latter has the faith that cries: "I falter where I firmly trod, and falling with my weight of cares upon the great world's alter stairs that slope thru darkness up to God," while the former has that calm, sure faith which is firmly founded on the Rock of Ages. "When thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over the spirit" "Thanatopsis" seems to steal into the mind like a strain of sweet music, and involuntarily the eyes lift themselves to look up into the fathomless blue, and the heart is comforted.

A SCENE FROM THE YEAR FIVE THOUSAND.

The poet, the artist and the musician were holding a consultation. Scene, a large room composed of something which greatly resembled glass in its transparency, though it was thin as paper and unbreakable; time, midnight of the Year Five Thousand. The poet sat on a snowy, billowy mass of something which had the appearance of a man's head in the twentieth century, being shampooed with Tar Soap, the artist was perched on a similar structure, while the musician was leaning gingerly against a tall column of some transparent rainbow-hued material. Ever and anon vivid lights mysteriously appeared before the building, then vanished as suddenly as they had come. These, the attendant had informed the poet, artist and musician, (for they were strangers who had lived in the twentieth century) were flying machines, and very common things they were, too. But, judging from the expression on the faces of the three, it was evident that they, at least, considered all their surroundings as very uncommon.

They did not seem at all pleased with things either, for the poet was saying, "There is no use whatever of a poet trying to live in a time like this. Why, all one has to do when he wishes for poetry is to step up to his Poetaphone, press a small button, turn a little crank, and a fine selection is turned out in no time. The theme, the kind of rhyme, and the length are all determined by the button you press, and the crank you turn. Alas, what is the use?"

"I was thinking the same," declared the artist, "this seems to be an age of machinery. Yesterday I visited what the heathen of this time are pleased to term 'An Art Gallery.' It was more like—dear me, I dare not describe

it for fear my feelings will get the better of me," and the artist subsided with a moan.

Then the musician made some very uncomplimentary remarks in regard to the "Musicograph" which some one had just invented, and concluded with the statement "Something must be done, and that at once. We cannot stand this any longer, but what shall we do?"

The attendant at once arose, left the room, and soon returned with his "Thinkaphone" under his arm. "Take this," he said, "and see if you can't ring up an idea."

The musician obeyed and soon exclaimed: "I have it. We'll step into the Revolution machine and be turned back into the Twentieth Century." They proceeded to do so at once, and as the room began to fade from sight one of them called back to the attendant, "Anything we can do to repay you for your kindness?" "Why, yes," the answer came faintly from the now shadowy place, "send me several copies of the Kaimin!"

Athletic Notes

There were nine University maidens,
So bonny and so fair,
A dignified chaperonage,
And a preacher with golden hair.

They came to that "mushroom" city
To do battle as of old;
To fight for those sacred colors,
The copper, the silver, and gold.

They fought both hard and bravely,
But when the time was done,
The score did tell this story:
The dusky maidens had won.

The game was swift as lightning
'Twas played both hard and fast,
And the varsity's bonny maidens
Fought bravely to the last.

But when at last the whistle blew,
And when the score was read;
Each one did make a running grab
For the hand of a dusky red.

They asked not the why nor wherefore,
But thought, "We'll wait the day
And show you that our University
Still has a winning way.

We'll show you the pale faced maidens,
And the dignified chaperon,
And the beautiful, sweet little preacher,
Are still able to hold their own."

Contributed.

The Senior Class at the University of California raised \$565.95 in one evening's entertainment.

UNIVERSITY VERSUS FORT SHAW.

The basketball game between the women's teams of the University and Fort Shaw Indian School was perhaps the most interesting ever played in the state. From the time the ball was put in play the game was fast and furious. Any attempt to describe the game in detail would be futile. The ball was passed with lightning rapidity and the accuracy of the playing was marvelous. The end of the first half would indicate the teams to be evenly matched and was in no way decisive, the score being 5 to 6 in Fort Shaw's favor.

At the beginning of the second half the University made some gains but the superior team work of the Indians enabled them to reach this score and finally won them the victory. The perfect team work of the Fort Shaw players was a revelation to those who watched the game.

The University players took their defeat in a graceful and sportsman like manner, feeling that the game was fairly won by their opponents.

The entertainment tendered by the Fort Shaw people was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. Nothing that would add to the comfort and pleasure of the visitors was too much trouble. The trolley ride over Great Falls, the luncheon after the game, the opportunity to see the paintings of Mr. Russell, Montana's cowboy artist, and a drive to the Giant Spring, are not by any means all the events which made the trip a memorable one.

FIRST MEN'S BASKET BALL GAME.

The first men's basket ball game to be played by teams from the university, occurred on Friday, Jan. 23, at the Union opera house. The teams which contested for supremacy were the "Midgets," who are composed of strictly third preparatory students; and the Tzi Dal Tai's, who belong to one of our numerous secret societies.

The former team is well named for they appeared as "Midgets" Joe Farrell made the sensational play of the heavier and taller. The game was fast from the beginning and some say it was a little rough. From the first it was evident that the "Midgets" had superior team work while the Tzi Dal Tai's did better individual playing. For the latter Frank Williams did excellent work and with the "Midgets" Joe Farrell made the sensational play of the game by throwing a goal from near the center of the field. The "Midgets" are now looking for outside worlds to conquer and for games with other class teams who have made a "rep" for themselves. The individual scores of the game were as follows:

"Midgets"—E. Johnson, 2 field goals, 5 free throws; K. Garlington, 1 field goal; R. Logan, 2 field goals; L. Goodbourn, 3 field goals; Joe Farrell, 2 field goals.

Tzi Dal Tai—W. Rankin, 1 field goal, 1 free throw; L. Greenough, 1 field goal; R. Walters, 1 field goal; F. Williams, 3 field goals; R. McPhail, 6 free throws.

Final score of the game, 25 to 19.

The line up:

"Midgets"—R. Logan, center; E. Johnson, right forward; K. Garlington, left forward; L. Goodbourn, right guard; Joe Farrell, left guard.

Tzi Dal Tai—L. Greenough, right forward; W. Rankin, left forward; R. McPhail, right guard; R. Walters left guard.

Gil. Reinhard and Miss Mabel Jones acted as umpires, and Gil Heyfron as referee.

Time Keepers: B. Stewart and Ed Corbin. Chas. Dyson, official score keeper. Length of halves, twenty minutes.

BASEBALL.

On Wednesday, Feb. 4th, a meeting of those interested in baseball was called and nearly every young man of the University was present.

Mr. Gil Reinhard was elected manager of the team for the coming season and a good schedule of games will be arranged at once.

Already a challenge has been received from the School of Mines for a game there on Decoration day which will be accepted.

This year we have the best material we ever had for a good baseball team and there is no reason why the University should not have the best College team in the state.

Literary Societies

JOINT MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The Clarkia and Hawthorne Literary societies held a joint open meeting on Saturday, Jan. 24. This is somewhat of a new innovation with the societies yet it was the most successful and enthusiastic meeting of the year. The principal event of the evening was the debate between two members of each society. The question debated upon was as follows: "Resolved, That Higher Education in Women is Detrimental to Home Life."

Mr. C. O. Marceyes and Ray Logan supported the affirmative and Miss Mary Holland and Miss Mary Evans defended the negative side of the question. From the fact that it was a debate between members of the two societies all the speakers showed that much time had been given in preparing their debate. The arguments were evenly balanced on both sides and the rebuttals were especially good. However, after some discussion the judges decided unanimously in favor of the young ladies. It is generally conceded that young women are not adept at debating yet the members of the Clarkia prove that they are an exception to the rule.

The other numbers on the program were:

Address by Ed. Williams.

Recitation by Miss Anabel Ross.

Music by Miss Roxy Howell.

Recitation by Leslie Sheriden.

At the conclusion of the program Prof. Hamilton gave a talk on the "benefits received from literary societies." His remarks were thoroughly enjoyed by the members of both societies and it is hoped that other members of the

faculty will visit us frequently. Prof. Hamilton also spoke on the possibility of uniting the two literary societies, making one strong and enthusiastic body. Such a society would create great interest among all the members and would cause a much larger membership and attendance. All the numbers on the program from music to orations could be better distributed where both sexes attend; a pleasant rivalry would exist on the delivery of recitations and debates. Much more attention would be given to preparation of the numbers when those on the program were always assured that a large and enthusiastic attendance awaited them.

With such a society both branches would double their membership within a month; extra funds would accrue which could be devoted towards the purchase of a piano, as this is one thing which the societies are in need of. Many firms for the purpose of advertising would sell a first grade piano for nearly half price and on long installment plan. In case the societies should not agree to unite Prof. Hamilton thinks it would be well to have every other meeting a "joint and open meeting."

The Hawthorne society is thoroughly in favor of uniting and it remains for the Clarkia to consider the question.

THE HAWTHORNE SOCIETY.

The Hawthorne Literary Society rendered the following program, Feb. 7:

Essay Elmer Johnson.
Recitation W. Rankin.
Impromptu Frank Neal.

Regular debate—"Resolved that international arbitration should be compulsory."

Affirmative—L. Sheridan, J. Haywood, C. Dimmick.

Negative—C. Spaulding, K. Garlington, R. Logan.

Irregular debate—"Resolved that football is a better game, all points considered, than either baseball or basketball."

FEBRUARY 2, 1903, CLARKIA.

Music—Selection from Nevin.....Avery May.

Reading—"As a Tale that is Told".....Daisy Kellogg

Original Poem.....Lucia Merrieles.

Reading Anne Bielenberg.

Irregular debate—"Resolved that indiscriminate almsgiving does not benefit mankind."

Leaders—Lucy Sikes, negative. Ida Rigby, affirmative.

The next meeting of the Clarkia will be for the election of officers for the coming semester and a full attendance is desired.

The presence of a fifteen-year-old boy at the University of Michigan has excited much comment. Though he is under the age limit, he insisted that he be given examination, and not only did he succeed in entering, but had thirty-two hours' advance credit, which is equivalent to one year's work. The boy's home is in Indianapolis, and both his parents are Michigan graduates.—Purdue Export.

Locals

Why does Roxy like jam?

* * *

"Oh, dear," and a long sigh.

* * *

If Smith is a black smith, he's a coon isn't he?

* * *

For Messenger rates, apply to Red Williams.

* * *

Please don't watch Miss B's sprout too closely.

* * *

Chinese New Years opened with a boom in the Chem bab.

* * *

"We" gave the Fort Shaws a four pound box of "Hyperdiezels."

* * *

Miss Mary Goudy visited with her parents at Victor, during the vacation.

* * *

Mr. Williams has been bringing a white pony to school lately. Let's make a wish.

* * *

Dr. Craig made a flying trip to Helena about Jan. 25 in the interests of the university.

* * *

Anabel Ross spent a few days during the past week, visiting Miss Kate Reeves of Bonner.

* * *

It is right for brothers and sisters to love one another as in the case of Rankin vs. Polleys.

* * *

What new specimens did Mr. Waigle see in the museum, on his return from Kalispell?

* * *

Mr. Paul Greenough is delighting all his instructors with his excellent work, this semester. Mirabile dictu.

* * *

Miss Margaret Summers spent the recess between semesters with relatives and friends at Hamilton.

* * *

Miss Blanche Simpson took advantage of the short intermission to go to her home above Stevensville.

* * *

Miss Pearl Logan has been compelled, on account of ill health, to give up her studies in the university.

* * *

Miss Nellie Newport of Bonner has been spending a few days with Hattie Rankin of the U. of M.

* * *

There is something sweeter than candy in H-r-l-y's said Miss R. H., as she pensively sucked a peppermint.

* * *

Miss Ona Sloane received a letter last Friday in which not only she but her whole family was very much interested.

"I know you were talking about me."

"No, honestly, we didn't talk about anything foolish."

* * *

Miss Murray has bet four pounds of candy that she won't come back next semester and now of course she won't.

* * *

Misses Ruth and Dale Ward were among those who left the city between times to visit their parents at Camas Prairie.

* * *

"What would you do if you had a poor memory like mine?"

"Forget it."

* * *

Miss Nettie McPhail '02, was greeting her many friends in the city the last week in January. While here she was the guest of Miss McDonald.

* * *

We were pleased to have with us at a special convocation recently, Rev. R. D. Ridgley, who gave an interesting account of "Education in China."

* * *

The basketball girls wish to thank the faculty for the highly flattering send off that was given them in chapel on the Wednesday before the game.

* * *

If there is anybody in school named Kelley will he, she or it please place his, her or it's name in the local box as Miss Murray says she can make an excellent joke on it.

* * *

Several new cases have been received for use in the several departments. These cases will be used as places to store the increasing amount of apparatus and the libraries.

* * *

Old Zadock Johnson is doing a rushing business this winter. He certainly has a dandy skating rink although it would be better were he to sweep it at least twice a winter.

* * *

R. W.—"How much are your oranges?"

Coon—"Ten cents a piece or three for a quarter."

R. W.—"All right. I'll take three—and then I'll take another one."

* * *

Miss Corbin was unable to meet her classes for a week on account of illness near the close of last semester. She is, however at her post of duty again, we are glad to say, apparently as well as ever.

* * *

\$10,000 reward or 1 pound of Huyler's for any information concerning the whereabouts of Frank Williams' Tzi-tai-tae pin.

"Where the d——l are you?"

* * *

"Frisk is dead." This is all that it is necessary to say but I feel like saying some thing more so I will. He died immediately on hearing the news that the Fort Shaws had about skinned us. "Requiescit in pce nobilliter do-gibus."

Mr. De Nitt Peck in a recent letter to one of his Missoula friends writes: "You will see me in Missoula when you give the opening dance at the gym." Do you think that is a hint or an inducement?

* * *

Fred Anderson of the class of '02 returned home from Anaconda where he had been employed for the last several months. He spent a number of days with his parents before leaving for the east where he has accepted another position.

* * *

Prof. R. G. Young, superintendent of schools at Butte, and a distinguished educator of the state, honored the university by being present at one of our recent convocations and addressing the students. He expressed himself as being much pleased with what he saw here.

* * *

Our musical instructor, Mrs. Whitaker was another who was on the sick list during the last month. At the time of the appearance of Professor W. Lauder she was unable to personally superintend the arrangements for the entertainments as she had planned to.

* * *

One of the most pleasant of Quanoozah meetings, (and they are all pleasant), was held at the home of Roxy Howell. The members present were Margaret Ronan, Hattie Rankin, Fay Murray, Saidie Beckwith, Miriam Hatheway, Evelyn Polleys, and Anabel Ross.

* * *

Scrap parties will be one of the most popular modes of entertainment henceforth. Miss Saidie Beckwith gave one during the week that for originality, cannot be surpassed. Those present were Misses Polleys, Howell, Rankin, Ronan, Reeves, Ross, Murray, Bielenberg and Hatheway.

* * *

Miss Jennie Darbee gave a ping pong and fudge party to a few friends Wednesday evening, Jan. 21. Refreshments were served after the games. The guests were: Messrs Fletcher Houtchens, Fred Hartcorn, Alphonse Guillott and the Rev. Walter Hayes; Misses Gwendolyn Odell, Jessie Collins and Miss Forey.

* * *

Miss Eloise Rigby has been doing some truly fine work in photography (or maybe it is her subjects). Yesterday she took a very artistic picture of Miss Rankin and a dead squirrel. I will describe it in the next issue. Buy your Kaimin at the library news stand. Only 15 cents a copy or one dollar a year.

* * *

Rev. R. M. Dungan, pastor of the Christian church at Hamilton, and who was in the city for some time during January assisting in revival services at the Christian church, was a welcome visitor at convocation Jan. 21. He addressed the meeting in his bright, cheery manner, taking as his topic "Despise Not the Small Things."

* * *

The Misses Whittaker pleasantly entertained a few of their friends at "Hearts," the other night. Those present were Misses Ruth Worden, Carrie Hardenburgh, Winnie Feighner, Edith Tietjen, Agnes MacBride, Florence Ervee, Maude Treveaille, Blanche Ingalls, Jo Polleys.

Messrs. Vincent Craig, Ed Polleys, Fred Tietjen, Gilbert Reinhard, George Greenwood, Roy McPhail, Floyd Hardenburgh, Earl Greenough and Rod Williams.

* * *

Rev. Edward Laird Mills, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Stevensville, addressed the students at convocation on Jan. 28. He took for his subject, "What a College Does For the Student." After the address many compliments were heard relative to it. Rev. Mills is a college man himself, and on this account takes more than a passing interest in college affairs. He is a graduate of Wesleyan University and Boston School of Theology. We will be glad to hear from him again at some time in the future.

* * *

A delightful sleigh ride was enjoyed, the other night, by some of the varsity students. After driving about the city for some time, they repaired to the Woodworth where a delicious oyster supper was served. Those present were Misses Fay Murray, Evelyn Polleys, Harriet Rankin, Margaret and Isabel Ronan, Roxey Howell, Saidie and Pearl Schmalhausen, Anabel Ross, Saidie Beckwith; Messrs. Bert D'Autremont, Hugh Sloane, Frank Wilcox, Wellington Rankin, Will Craig, Leo Greenough, Herbert Hughes, Herbert Alward, Ray Walters, George Wilcox Hovey Polleys, and Paul Greenough.

'VARSITY PREPS MEET.

At her home on the South Side Miss Lura Barnes entertained her classmates of the Third preparatory class of the University Friday evening, Jan. 30. The young people spent the evening playing various games and partook of light refreshments before leaving for their homes. The guests were Misses Daisy Kellogg, Mary Fergus, Linda Featherman, Ethel Perro, Susie Garlington; Messrs. Lawrence Goodbourne, Faustus Fergus, Elmer Johnson, Joe Ferrell, King Garlington and Charles Ardery.

PINK TEA PARTY.

At her home on Toole avenue Saturday afternoon, Feb. 7, Miss Avery May entertained a number of friends at a pink tea party. Games and music served to pass the time pleasantly, "flinch" being the game most played and enjoyed. A dainty luncheon was served by the young hostess. The guests were: Misses Eva Cox, Byra Abbott, Grace Tromin, Mary Evans, Lillie Sherwood, Lelia Bryan, Ila Wright, Anna McAllister, Ida Pearson, Alma Myers, Alice Herr, Rella Likes, Susie Garlington, Alice Cox, Lucy Likes, Edna Garlington.

MUSICAL MISSOULA ATTENDS.

One of the most important events of the month was the appearance of Professor W. Waugh Lauder of Chicago in the Garden City. Those possessing musical culture turned out in force to attend the recitals given by Professor Lauder. He made three appearances, two at the residence of Mrs. Whittaker and one at the University. His recitals included selections from Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner. The intricacies of these masters

were explained and illustrated by the performer and he was followed throughout with closest of attention. Such events as these add to the culture of the community and deserve liberal encouragement.

BUDS ARE ENTERTAINED.

Miss Zoe Bellew entertained the "Buds" Friday night, Jan. 3rd, at her home on the North side at a "swap" party. Each guest was provided with two articles, wrapped up. These were passed from one to another during the evening and when the "swapping" finally ceased the lady and gentleman holding the best articles were declared the prize winners. The guests were served a dainty luncheon by the hostess. Those present were: Misses Josephine Hatheway, Edna Parsons, Helen Kennett, Caroline Cronkrite, Lou Knowles, Jeannette Rankin; Messrs. Bert Smith, Lynde Catlin, Oscar Crutchfield, Frank Cronkrite, Allen Andrews, Dr. Charles Pixley and Dr. George Kennett.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

At last the University has organized a permanent musical society which will tend greatly towards increasing the college spirit and patriotism of the university. The society is formed to include and promote all the musical clubs of the university which may organize, but at present consists of the Glee club which was organized on Jan. 28. The following officers were elected: C. O. Marceyes, president; W. Cockrell, vice president; Ed Simons, secretary and treasurer. Also a board of managers consisting of L. E. Wood, Wm. Dickinson and Prof. Hamilton.

The Glee club is very fortunate in securing the services of Prof. R. Blinn Owen as director.

From the first practice great interest has been shown and the Glee club already consists of twenty-five young men including two faculty members. Two rehearsals will be held each week and from the progress already made it will not be long before the Glee club will make their appearance before some of our university gatherings.

PROF. HAMILTON IS REMEMBERED.

The gathering at the Central school building last evening was in the nature of a surprise party to Prof. Hamilton who had received a mysterious invitation some days ago to be present for the occasion, the nature of which he was unable to guess. Great secrecy was connected with the arrangements which have been going on during the past week and only those in charge had any intimation of what was going on.

In view of the prominent part which Prof. Hamilton has played in the organization and upbuilding of the public schools of Missoula, the former teachers who were under him, decided to have his picture enlarged for the purpose of presenting it to the city schools. This token of regard for the veteran educator of the Garden City was happily conceived, unbeknown to Prof. Hamilton and carried out last night in the presence of the teachers and a number of invited guests.

The room was appropriately arranged and when the time came the picture which is an excellent likeness was

unveiled and presented. Superintendent McKay accepted it on behalf of the city schools and it will be given a place of honor in the office of the superintendent. After the formal ceremonies had been concluded a feast was spread which had been prepared in chafing dishes. Many good things had been prepared and the guests spent the evening in a delightful social session, during which time many interesting reminiscences and anecdotes were exchanged.—Missoulian, Jan. 14.

DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

Woman's Hall and Gymnasium Building Dedicated on February 21.

The authorities in charge of the dedication of the Woman's hall and the gymnasium, which will be celebrated on February 21, have just issued the following program which will be followed on that occasion:

Music.

Invocation, the Rev. J. A. Barnes.

Music.

Presentation address, Dan'l J. Heyfron, Jr., member of building commission.

Acceptance and deliverance of the keys to the president, by His Excellency, Joseph K. Toole, Governor of Montana.

Response, Oscar J. Craig, president of University.

Music.

Addresses by Members of the State Board of Education.

Music.

Benediction.

Inspection of the Buildings.

Miss Mirieles read a poem in Clarkia the other day that was so fine both in sentiment and expression that a Kaimin reporter requested it for the paper, after a becoming reluctance she finally granted the request and here it is:

"I have called on the muse for a hour
To inspire this—my poem for you—
But I tell you that Bsketball score
Has left me an indigo blue."

"Oh, our trip to Great Falls was a dream,
We were jolly as jolly could be,
With Ruth and her "Animal Fair,"
And Min with her little "Chee Chee."

"Dear Mabel had little cough drops,
Poor Joe and ner bottle were thick,
The Nells had to have a sore throat
And we all of us felt pretty sick."

"But 'the bear went over the mountain,'
And we all 'monkey, monkeyed' with a will
And we "One-a-zipped; two-a-zipped; three-a-zipped;
Till the flaxen haired coach wished us still."

"There were travelling men on the train,
And our rubbers were thrown with great force
The conductor called us "too fresh."
But that didn't matter, of course."

"There was a short time I'll not mention,
'Twas filled with a very great pain,
When we saw balls piled into the basket,
And ourselves were unable to gain."

"But that passed, as all night mares do,
And we hold through the pain of defeat
And Prof. Tinney, the umpire, said,
'in courage you are hard to beat.'"

"But the Muse has departed, O, friends,
He has whisked out of sight in a trice
So Clarkia friends please declare
This poem exceedingly nice."

Exchanges

The world is a school where flunkers are not given a second examination.—Ex.

The University of Leipzig will celebrate its five hundredth anniversary in 1909.

Five out of the seven members of the coal strike arbitration commission are college graduates.

The class of '79 at Princeton has presented the university with a \$100,000 dormitory. This is said to be the most generous memorial ever given by any class to its alma mater.

College Idiot—That takes the cake.

Kind Friend—What does

College Idiot—Oh, the baker's wagon, I suppose.—Columbia Jester.

To loaf resembles coasting
Where the hill's a steady drop;
It's easy to get started,
But it's mighty hard to stop.

If a man keep his honor bright and shining, it will be as a shield to him against the world; the sun of Truth shining upon it will dazzle the eyes of his enemies so that their aim will be untrue, and their missiles glance harmlessly from off it.

Every thought that is in the mind is connected with some other thought, so that if you can get hold of a loose end, you can pull them out like a string of beads. Happy are you if the beads possess no flaw—then they may be put in a diadem and ye shall be crowned.

Baker University (Kansas) opens its winter term with about fifty new students. The total enrollment to date is 892. In 1898 it was 512, making an increase of almost 400 in five years. The most of the increase is in the college departments.

Fort Shaw Indian girls will return to their reservation with the scalps of the Missoulas in their belts. Pretty scalps, too.—Missoulia.

Cornell is the first American university to have a university club in England. The club, composed of graduates of Cornell, consists of forty members and is known as the Cornell Club of England.

Whitman won in their debate with Oregon. The question was, "Resolved, That tribunals should be established with power to settle conflicts between capital and labor, which affect public interests." Whitman had the negative.

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp no doubt;
For when Mary's beaux went in,
Why, the little lamp went out. —Ex.

Stanford has been challenged by the Johns Hopkins University to a series of joint debates. This is the first time since the beginning of debates that a western college has received a challenge from an eastern college.

The College men are very slow;
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.

Life is an epic, the Master sings,
Whose theme is man and whose music soul,
Where each is a word in the song of Things,
That shall roll on while the ages roll.
For every shadow about our way
There is a glory of moon and sun;
But the hope within us has more of ray
Than the light of the sun and moon in one.

—Exchange.

HOW'S THIS FOR A YELL?

Well man, sick man, dead, man, stiff,
Dig-em-up, cut-em-eup, what's the diff;
Humorous, tumorous, blood and gore,
Syracuse, Medicos, nineteen four.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP.

Colorado Man Wins the First From the United States.

New York, Feb. 4.—The first Cecil Rhodes scholarship in Oxford awarded to an American has been given to Eugene Heitler Lehman, a Yale graduate of the class of 1902. He is the son of the late Moritz Lehman, a wholesale tobacco dealer of Pueblo, Col.

After graduating last June Lehman came to this city and took a graduate course in philosophy in Columbia. Last December he made application to Gov. Orman of Colorado, who had two of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships to dispose of. Lehman's credentials vouched for by Yale, stood higher than any of those submitted by 200 other applicants. Lehman will enter Oxford next autumn.

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